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CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

H E N R Y;

OR, THE

Wanderer Reclaimed.

A

S A C R E D P O E M.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

BRITISH YOUTH.

*RELIGION! Thou the Soul of Happiness
And, groaning CALVARY, of thee!—*

YOUNG.

Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace.

Prov. iii. 17.

*The Wages of Sin is Death, but the Gift of GOD is eternal Life,
through JESUS CHRIST our LORD.*

Rom. vi. 23.

BY MARIA DE FLEURY.

L O N D O N:

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P R E F A C E.

HOW much soever peoples sentiments may differ in most things, in one they are universally agreed, *viz.* in seeking after happiness, and making that desirable object the centre of their wishes. How wise and rational is such a determination—how noble the pursuit—who would not wish to be happy?—it was the portion of our great forefather, Adam. Holiness and happiness were the two glorious gifts which his Maker bestowed upon him in the day of his creation; and because his nature consisted of two parts, the one spiritual, the other corporeal, the Great Creator provided for the perfect felicity of both. For this he robed the heavens with azure, and spread the earth with a carpet of the softest verdure. For this he crowned the sun with beams of radiant light, and bid the silver moon arise and set; the spicy groves emit their fragrance, and their feathered inhabitants tune their warbling throats to charm him with their agreeable melody. For this the rivers flowed through Paradise, to water the garden of GOD; and all the wonders and beauties of Creation arose to present their delights, and offer their services to man. But great as these gifts were, and worthy of the Divine Bestower, they were the least part of Adam's blessedness: there was nothing in them which could make a spiritual creature happy. A world, or ten thousand worlds, can never satisfy the capacious desires of an immortal mind, created for no less an enjoyment than that of an infinite GOD, and indued with two glo-

rious properties, *viz.* the knowledge of GOD, and conformity to him. Adam possessing an understanding, full of Divine light, saw in his Creator his supreme good, and his will and affections rejoiced with delight and complacency in the adorable perfections of JEHOVAH; and in the light of his countenance, the smiles of his face, and communion and fellowship with this infinite DEITY, consisted the happiness of man—how noble, how exalted a Being! Well might the sons of light, those radiant morning stars, sing anthems of praise, and shout for joy, when he came out of his Creator's hands, the glorious image of his Divine perfections. But, alas! this blessedness was but of a short duration; Sin blinded his eyes, and hardened his heart! Sin robbed him of his happiness, and plunged him into misery; and so great was his fall, and so fatal the depravity which succeeded it, that we find him immediately evincing, in the strongest manner, the most fixed aversion to GOD, the fountain of bliss, as well as the most savage-like ignorance of him. Behold! in the cool of the day, the LORD GOD visits Eden with his most immediate presence: he walks in the garden; but where is the noble inhabitant for whom it was planted, and adorned with all the beauties of nature? Does not he run with nimble feet, and a heart overflowing with love and gratitude, to meet and adore his generous Benefactor? O, no! We may well enquire with the Divine Majesty, “Adam, where art thou?” and behold, the guilty rebel behind a thicket, vainly endeavouring to hide and conceal himself among the trees of the garden

den from the heart-searching eye of Omniscience. Adam now could see nothing amiable and lovely in all the glorious attributes of JEHOVAH: being become an unholy creature, the holiness and righteousness of GOD were now his aversion: his justice became his terror and dread; and as to his Divine compassion and mercy, that, perhaps, he despaired of finding exercised in his behalf, and was too proud to seek; therefore he fled from JEHOVAH, as from an object dreaded, and disagreeable. This was the situation of our fallen first parent; and this is the dreadful legacy he hath bequeathed to all his sons and daughters, ignorance of GOD, and enmity against him, all lovely, all gracious, and supremely excellent as he is. The desire of happiness is deeply implanted in the human breast. Man, be his situation whatever it may, from the king to the peasant, feels the want of something to complete his bliss, though surrounded with all the blessings of providence: he finds them all insufficient, and sighs for something more. He roves from place to place, and from one thing to another, in search of that something, but finds it not; for, alas! he is seeking the living among the dead; GOD, the only source of true happiness, is not in all his thoughts; neither does it once enter his mind by nature to seek felicity in Him, where only it can be found: his mind being earthly and sensual, it knows of no higher pleasures than those of sense; for them he pants, pursues them with insatiable desire, and, for a moment, thinks himself happy, if they are attained; but, alas! when death, that most unwelcome

and

and tremendous messenger approaches, to arrest him in the King of Heaven's name, and summon him to appear at his awful tribunal, how does he then discover his mistake, and find he has all his life been pursuing an empty shade, a false and delusive bubble, which now bursts into nothing, and leaves him only the fruit of his folly, anguish, shame, and despair. Alas! who can be truly happy, that is not prepared for eternity? or how can that deserve the name of happiness, the duration of which can only run parallel with the fleeting breath of life; and when that stops, must bid an everlasting adieu? When the sun, that bright luminary, shall be set in eternal night, and all his radiant beams are quenched in darkness—when the moon and stars shall be blotted out from the heavens, and they themselves be rolled up as a scroll, and laid aside as an useless garment—when the earth, and all that it contains, the amazing works of art, and the more stupendous works of nature, shall be consumed in one general conflagration, where will the man of pleasure find his delights, the miser his gold, or the slave of ambition his honors and rewards? Alas! were there no hell, they must be for ever miserable in the loss of all that was valuable in their esteem, and in which alone their felicity was placed.

Here let me pause a moment, and enquire, gentle Reader, whoever thou art, if thou art wise for eternity? What sort of happiness is thine? Is it of a perishable nature? Or will it outlive the wreck of worlds, and bloom and triumph in an everlasting duration, immortal as thy soul? If so, it is worthy of thy soul. I congratulate thee; and heaven, and earth

P R E F A C E.

earth unite with me to congratulate thy felicity. You, I am persuaded, will approve the design of the following POEM, which is to impress upon young minds, the exceeding emptiness and nothingness of those things which men of the world call good and great—if I had said men out of their senses, I had used great propriety; for we are never in our right mind, till we are wise enough to see more beauty and excellence in religion, than in all the pleasures of sin. What is religion? it is nothing more nor less than this, an experimental knowledge of, and conformity to the ever-blessed GOD. What are the advantages connected with this religion? “This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, whom thou hast sent.” *John xvii. 3.* O eternal life, who can describe thy glories!—who can conceive thy blessedness!——Come, ye men of the world, ye silken sons of folly, ye lovers of pleasure more than lovers of GOD, summon together your treasures, your gay delights, those scenes of riot and dissipation, in which you drown your sense and reason from year to year.—Come ye ambitious, restless, aspiring spirits, who are eagerly pressing after dignity and fame, bring your crowns and sceptres, your kingdoms and empires, and enquire if any of them, or all of them together, can give you any thing equivalent to what is contained in these two little words, *eternal Life*. Alas, no! they can give you eternal death, that is the most they can do for you. “The wages of sin is death, but the gift of GOD is eternal life, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD.” *Rom. vi. 23.* Religion then is the most advantageous thing

thing in the world, yourselves being judges. It is a generally-received opinion, at least among young people, that there is something gloomy and melancholy in religion, and that there is no being religious without being unhappy. How strange a mistake: true religion (the religion of the heart, I mean) is the most pleasant and delightful thing in the world: it destroys one set of pleasures I acknowledge, but it introduces another infinitely more sublime; and they who have had the longest and most intimate acquaintance with the religion of JESUS, can and will put their *probatum est* to Solomon's divinely-inspired declaration, "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

With a view to impress these solemn truths on a young mind, the following little PIECE was written, which now, at the particular request of friends, is submitted to the public eye. The author cannot conclude, without apologizing to that Public for the improprieties which they will doubtless meet with in the Poem. She acknowledges her pen is rude and unpolished, therefore throws herself and it upon a generous Public, trusting it will not be perused with the severity of criticism, but with the candid eye of lovers of the truth, in whatever form it may appear.

ARGUMENT.

A R G U M E N T.

DESCRIPTION of a moon-light night—A youth sleeping under an oak, with his guardian angel near him—Description of the angel who led to meditate by the solemnity of the scene, sings an hymn of praise to GOD the creator—Syren and her attendants approach—Description and character of Syren—Syren sings—Henry awakes—A conversation between them—Henry follows Syren—Reflections thereon—The Angel concerned at the loss of Henry—unable to prevent it—pities his folly—flies in search of Religion whom he supposes capable of reclaiming him by her persuasions—Conversation between the Angel and Religion—Religion goes in search of Henry—Description of morning—Henry retired from a scene of dissipation—Religion meets him—Description of Religion—Conversation between them—Religion unable to convince Henry of the folly and danger of his attachment to Syren, leaves him—Immanuel from his throne beholds these transactions, approves the zeal of his servants, though unsuccessful; calls divine grace from his right hand—Commissions her—Girds her with omnipotent power, she undertakes the work, and descends to execute it—Description of the way in which divine Grace conquers Syren—reclaims Henry, and induces him to become the subject of real Religion, and true happiness—Syren enraged at the loss of Henry—seeks him again with a view to ensnare him, if possible, with her delusive smiles—Evening, Henry walking in the fields to meditate, Syren meets him—accosts him with the voice of flattery—he rejects her with indignation—She reproaches him with ingratitude—reminds him

of the great things she bestowed on him while under her domination—Henry acknowledges he had long been her slave, adores the Almighty Power which has snapt the chains afunder in which she held him, solemnly renouncing all attachment to her, and professes himself a subject of the King of Kings—Syren now throws off the mask of hypocrisy under which she had before concealed her rage, and denounces the most terrible vengeance—Henry despises her threatenings, professes his stedfast dependance on the all-powerful protection of Heaven engaged in his behalf, and submission to the divine will, as to all future events—They part, Syren meditating revenge, and Henry devoted to and rejoicing in GOD.

HENRY

H E N R Y,

A S A C R E D P O E M.

'T WAS in that hour when day's imperial king,
Beneath our hemisphere far sunk, retir'd
To rest, perhaps in Thetis oozy bed,
Or crown some distant clime with rising beams;
Night, sable vested, threw her curtain round,
Emboss'd with stars, the glitt'ring gems of heav'n;
And high enthron'd, from clouds emerg'd, the moon,
Walking in brightness through the spangled arch,
Dispers'd the darkness with her lucid rays,
And tipp'd the hills with silver. Underneath
A tufted oak, upon a grassy couch,
A slumbering youth reposed: sleep on his eyes
Sat heavy, and, with its benumbing pow'r,
Seal'd up each faculty in helpless stupor,
Thoughtless and fearless of impending harm:
But at his side, to him unknown, behold
A guard seraphic stood—a glorious form;
One from high heav'n dispatch'd, to watch around,
And shield young HENRY from the countless ills

That hourly hang o'er mortal heads ; so cal
 The sleeping youth, th' heav'nly messenger,
 Faithful to his great charge, his steps attend
 With sweet delight, obedient to his God.
 Around his head a radiant glory shone ;
 Youth in his face sat smiling all serene ;
 And his gay plume, ting'd with all the dyes
 Which glow in that fair arch by mortals seen,
 When clouds bedew the earth with gentle show'rs.

Still was the season, solemn silence reign'd,
 Ev'n Philomel forgot her mournful tale,
 And hush'd in gentle rest, all nature lay !
 Only CELESTO wak'd : long wrapt in thought
 The angel stood, and view'd the wond'rous scene.
 The wond'rous scene inspir'd devotion pure,
 And love and rapture glow'd within his breast.
 Love too intense, and rapture too divine,
 To be lock'd up in silence, from his side
 His golden harp he takes, and with sweet voice
 Charms the still night, with melody more soft
 Than fabled Orphens, when the savage herd
 Listen'd, attentive, to his warbled song.

A I R.

Thou great Omnipotent,
 Thou Lord of earth and sky,
 I on thy gracious errand sent,
 Adore thy Majesty.

II.

When I behold the sun,
 The creature of thy pow'r,
 His daily radiant circle run,
 I wonder and adore.

III.

The moon and stars, by night,
 In feeble glories shine ;
 But all from thee derive their light,
 Thou source of light divine.

IV.

Thine everlasting praise
 Seraphic armies sing,
 And I (unworthy) join the lays,
 Thou everlasting King.

V.

Hail ! holy, holy, Lord !
 Thrice holy one in three ;
 Thy boundless name be still ador'd,
 Throughout eternity.

But see, a beauteous form, with nimble step,
 Trips o'er the dewy green, and this way bends ;
 A flowing robe hangs loosely o'er her limbs,
 By ev'ry breath of wanton Zephyrs mov'd :
 A rosy chaplet, intermix'd with sprigs
 Of blooming myrtle, circles round her head,
 And in her face sits laughter uncontroll'd.
 All gay and sprightly, as the summer's sun,
 Two nymphs attend her, and, with skilful hand,
 On pipe and tabor play, and with their feet,
 Keep time and measure to the jocund sound.

Ah ! fatal charmer ! Ah ! insidious fair !
 For all's a painted shew, a hollow cheat :
 Long from her breast has virtue fled, and vice

Reigns

Reigns in her heart, and wantons in her eyes ;
 SYREN her name, by night she issues forth,
 And spreads her silken net of gay delights,
 To catch unwary travellers, and such
 Who rove abroad unguarded and secure.
 Delusive flatt'ry hangs upon her tongue,
 And endless ruin follows in her train :
 Her steps lay hold on death, and all her paths,
 Though strew'd with roses, lead directly down
 To the black chambers of eternal woe.

S Y R E N.

'Wake, sleeping youth, awake, and see
 Thy love, thy SYREN waits for thee.
 Why waste the hours as they fly,
 In quick succession, round the sky.
 The present moment seize, live while 'tis day,
 E're time and youth take wing, and fly away.

II.

Jocund sounds shall greet thine ear,
 Age and wrinkles soon appear.
 Hasten! improve thy little span,
 'Tis the chiefest end of man
 To be happy, to be blest, and prove
 The sprightly joys of music, wine, and love.

C H O R U S.

The present moment seize, live while 'tis day,
 E're time and youth take wing, and fly away.

HENRY.

H E N R Y.

What sounds melodious charm my waken'd ear!
 What heav'nly form art thou! if from the skies,
 But now descended to this earthy ball,
 Say, may a mortal ask (unblam'd) thy name!
 And what thy errand is to this low world!
 That with due rev'rence he may homage pay!

S Y R E N.

Not from the skies I come, I reign below,
 Sole empress of this beautiful terrene:
 My empire's large, my subjects many are,
 And I their queen, their fount of happiness.
 I lead them on in Pleasure's smiling path,
 Bestrew'd with roses, lin'd with gay delights.
 I crown their temples, some with purest gold,
 With laurel some, enduring ever green,
 Emblem of victory, and on them pour
 Treasures of golden ore, and sparkling gems,
 From distant Ophir and Golconda brought:
 I lead the sprightly dance, and, from their breasts,
 Banish each care, and chase corroding thought,
 Or drown them in the sparkling, flowing bowl.
 Come then, my HENRY, let me call thee mine;
 Come and possess thy fill of happiness;
 See to adorn thy head, I have prepar'd
 This flow'ry coronet, of various hue;
 See riches, honors, pleasures, I bestow,
 Come follow me, and live secure from woe.

H E N R Y.

Charmer! lead on! I feel thy sov'reign pow'r
 Inflame my heart, and from this happy hour

Thy

Thy steps I follow; thine, devoted live;
 And from thy hand the great reward receive,
 Thou, on thy faithful subjects dost bestow,
 To make them happy, while they dwell below.
 Thy voice shall be my guide, thy smile my heav'n;
 I'll be content with that, let that be giv'n.

S Y R E N.

Take my hand, and take my heart,
 Thou and I must never part;
 Let the fools who would be wise,
 Talk of pleasures in the skies;
 We were never there to see,
 What those fancied pleasures be.

II.

Let the dreamers have their way,
 We'll be wiser still than they:
 We'll the present hour improve,
 As from blifs to blifs we rove;
 Leaving anxious thought behind,
 Give to-morrow to the wind,

C H O R U S.

Strike the tabor, sweetly play,
 We keep jocund holiday.

By guileful flatt'ry won, the heedless youth
 Thus falls an easy prey; he joins the throng
 Of Folly's children, in their mad career,
 Ranging the giddy maze of vanity.
 Nor sees the snare, nor heeds the dreadful gulph,
 Upon whose verge he dances—gulph of woe!

Whose

Whose op'ning jaws have swallow'd thousands down
 In fathomless destruction. Hapless souls!
 A while they swam in Pleasure's treach'rous sea,
 Revell'd a moment in fantastic joys,
 Then split upon the rock, their vessel bulg'd,
 And down, down, down they sunk to endless woe,
 And infinite perdition; there to dwell,
 And weep and groan a long eternity.
 So the young ox, with festive wreaths adorn'd,
 Midst sprightly sounds, proud of his honors, goes
 With stately steps along, thoughtless of harm,
 'Till in his throat the sacrificer's knife
 Deep plung'd, the bleeding victim falls and dies.

With down-cast look, in pensive attitude,
 CELESTO stands; his gen'rous breast can feel,
 And kindly pity his deluded charge.
 'Twas his to guard him from corporeal harm,
 That might with forceful acts of violence
 His safety injure; but to guard his heart
 From Satan's wiles, to influence his will,
 Shield his affections, and preserve his soul,
 Angelic pow'r here fails; not Gabriel's self,
 Raphael, nor all the heav'nly host combin'd,
 Can stand sufficient for the mighty task.
 The Lord of hosts alone, the great I AM!
 By his almighty Grace, can keep the soul,
 Rebuke the tempter, give to feeble man,
 O'er sin, the world, and self, the victory!
 Yet full of noble zeal, the angel glow'd;
 Zeal for his God! And faithful love to him,
 Whose welfare Providence had made his care.
 And see! He spreads his wings and soars aloft,
 And ranges far and wide in search of one,

He deem'd of pow'r sufficient to reclaim
 And bring the wand'rer back, and turn his feet
 From error's maze, to tread in paths of peace,
 Long fruitless prov'd his toil, but found at length
 With accents mild, and countenance serene,
 He to RELIGION thus his speech address'd.

C E L E S T O.

Offspring of heav'n, belov'd of God, I come
 To crave thy pow'rful aid, my earthly charge,
 A youth committed to my strictest care,
 By our great Master, late betray'd, intic'd
 By her who potent reigns in human hearts,
 And leads them far from God, and holds them bound
 In curst chains. Blind vot'ries to her will,
 Thou know'st her well; 'tis SYREN, foe declar'd
 To God and thee, his image and delight.
 Come and let thy sweet voice attract his ears,
 For on thy tongue melodious music hangs;
 Come, and disclose thy beauties to his sight,
 And charm his heart by thy mysterious pow'r.
 O shew his feet the way that leads to life,
 And break the snare, and snatch him from the arms
 Of that false sorceress, and in his breast
 O raise thy holy, happy, peaceful throne,
 And make him blest indeed.

R E L I G I O N.

To thy request, fair angel, I attend,
 Thy tale with grief I hear, nor slack shall prove
 To use my utmost skill, and to his ear
 Bring truth divine. But know my utmost pow'r
 Can but his ear assail; 'tis not in me

To turn the bias of his heart corrupt;
 My elder sister, GRACE, divine alone,
 Can ope those doors to me, by nature shut.
 'Tis her prerogative to melt the heart,
 Change the affections, new create the soul,
 And reinstate me in my rightful throne.
 Then shall I sway my peaceful sceptre there,
 And guide his feet in Wisdom's pleasant paths.

A I R.

Who can save a wretch undone?
 Who can melt a heart of stone?
 None but GRACE, from Jesus sent,
 GRACE indeed Omnipotent!

II.

See the fruitless heath appear
 Barren, desolate and bare;
 Parch'd with heat, no moisture nigh,
 Open to the sultry sky.

III.

GRACE can look the drought away,
 Dress it in the robes of May;
 See the leafy train arise,
 Spicy odours fill the skies.

IV.

Heav'nly dews refresh the ground,
 Fruitfulness smiles all around;
 See the wilderness no more,
 Eden opes her plenteous store.

C E L E S T O.

'Tis true, but know, dear maid, tho' HENRY now
 Runs in the devious paths of sin astray,
 His name in heav'nly records is set down,
 And in eternal love he bears a part;
 For heav'nly spirits 'tend not those whose end
 Is misery and woe: we minister
 At our dread Lord's command, to those who share
 In his redeeming love, for whose dear sake,
 He manifest in flesh, on earth appear'd,
 And took their sins and nail'd them to his cross,
 That he might snatch them from the jaws of hell
 By pow'r almighty, and supernal grace.
 Here springs a ray of light; then who can tell,
 But when thy voice arrests his outward ear,
 And pourtrays to his view, the joys which flow
 From undefiled RELIGION, all sincere,
 An unseen hand, an energy divine,
 May fix the lesson home upon his heart,
 And teach him heav'nly wisdom,

R E L I G I O N.

—————CELESTO lead,
 Thy steps, I follow, and with warm desire,
 To see this brand pluck'd from sins hateful fire.

Now had the cock's shrill clarion wak'd the morn,
 And call'd Aurora from her soft repose
 T' unlock the gates of day; the soaring lark
 Warbl'd his early mattins; from each bush
 The feather'd songsters sent sweet melody,
 To greet the approach of light in varied notes;
 When, lo! the rover, flush'd with gay delights,

Fatigu'd

Fatigu'd with midnight revels, stroll'd recluse,
 Revolving in his mind past pleasures o'er,
 And big with expectation, fond and vain.

But see! RELIGION comes, with modest step,
 Treading the dewy grass; her progress mark'd
 By springing flow'rets, frag'rantly sweet;
 Her unadorned tresses careless hang
 On either shoulder, while a snow-white robe
 Her beauteous form conceals; around her girt
 Fast with a golden girdle: to her feet
 Her robe descends in flowing majesty:
 In her fair face, no wanton blushes rise
 From thought impure, or laughing levity,
 But holy cheerfulness sits native there,
 And smiles benignant, full of heav'nly love,
 Prophetic of the peaceful calm within.
 So sweetly mild, her look attracts the love
 Of each beholder; yet such majesty
 Darts from her eyes, and hangs about her person,
 As strikes the boldest heart with awe profound.

R E L I G I O N.

Stop, gentle youth, and one short moment spare
 From vain pursuits, and let thy list'ning ear
 Attend a stranger's voice; for know, I bring
 A solemn message from the heav'nly King.
 Of birth divine I am, sent from the skies,
 To make the sons of folly blest and wise.
 To men I call, and lift my voice to those,
 Who to themselves, their God, and me, are foes.
 My name, RELIGION! and my office this,
 To lead from death and woe, to life and bliss.

Let

Let then thine ear attend, thine heart receive
The sacred truths I bring, O hear and live !

H E N R Y.

Thou visitant divine ! Aw'd by thy voice,
Each roving thought retires, and on my mind
Devout attention sits. See all around,
Creation, list'ning to that warbling thrush,
Seems hush'd in silence ; silence, how profound !
Ev'n Zephir sleeps, lest with his fanning wings
The rustling leaves disturb her melody.
So to thy more harmonious voice, my mind
And all her pow'rs shall listen while thou speak'st ;
Each interrupting thought shall stand aloof,
And wait till better leisure give them leave.

R E L I G I O N.

'Tis not thine ear, O HENRY ! will suffice,
Thine heart I chiefly want ; O ! ope thine heart,
And take me to thy bosom, there to dwell
In union, indissoluble and sweet ;
Thy heart's my rightful throne ; there I would sit
In the great name of him who reigns on high,
And sway my peaceful sceptre in thy soul ;
Direct thy footsteps, lead thy willing feet
In Wisdom's pleasant paths, where thou may'st run,
And gather pleasures as the drops of dew
Num'rous, and drink thy fill of happiness !
Pleasures all pure, and happiness divine.

H E N R Y.

If but to make me happy, thou art come,
I thank thee, gen'rous maid, thy kind concern

Demands

Demands much gratitude : But know, I've met
 A beauteous form indeed, tho' sprung from earth,
 And from her lips have learn'd the way to bliss,
 Nor other bliss I need, for all my pow'rs,
 She from her plenteous stores will satisfy,
 With ever new delight.

R E L I G I O N.

—————Mistaken youth !

Charm'd by her gay outside and fair pretence,
 Thou seest not the hypocrite within :
 'Tis SYREN ! Fatal name ! SYREN, abhor'd
 By God and Goodness as their utter foe.
 Her breasts the seat of guile and artifice :
 This her lips utter, and her hands perform.
 Caught in her snare, lur'd by her varied arts,
 Thousands have danc'd her giddy round awhile :
 Then stumbling o'er black rocks, which lay unseen,
 Have fallen ten thousand fathom down the gulph
 Of dark despair and never-ending woe,
 And found her paths, tho' strew'd with roses, led
 To the infernal chambers of the dead.

H E N R Y.

If she be false, how is it I possess
 So much of joy, so much of happiness !
 She hourly leads my feet to new delights,
 And when they cloy, she still to fresh invites ;
 If gloomy thoughts arise within my breast,
 One smile of her's, soon hushes them to rest.
 So sweet's her smile, so wond'rous strange her pow'r,
 She finds amusements new for every hour.
 From the dark mind she calls the golden ore,
 And pours it on me in abundant store ;

She

She crowns my head with plumes from honor's wings,
 And promises to rank me e'en with kings;
 Her acts so gen'rous, and her words so fair,
 How can I doubt but what they genuine are!

RELIGION.

What are her pleasures, HENRY? Light and vain,
 Fantastic joys, but link'd with endless pain;
 Joys such as beasts partake; but man was made
 To drink of pleasures which can never fade.
 What will her gold do for thee? Will it buy
 A crown of life, a mansion in the sky?
 When pain attacks thy limbs, and sore disease,
 Will it remove thy griefs and give thee ease?
 When death appears, can gold a ransom pay?
 And send the king of terrors, brib'd away?
 O, no! It falsely glitters in thy sight,
 And, like a meteor bursts in shades of night.
 So all the honors this false world can give,
 End in a name; nor long that name can live.
 Revolving periods sweep past things away,
 The works of art, yea, nature's self decay!
 Soon will the day appear, when earth and sky,
 Shall in one undistinguish'd ruin lie;
 Thy SYREN then, surrounded all by fire,
 Shall, in the mighty ruin lost, expire.

But hear my voice, O youth! For happy's he,
 Whose heart's athirst, whose spirit pants for me:
 Yea! Thrice he's blest, who seeks his greatest gain
 From me, for long he shall not seek in vain.
 More precious far, than rubies is my name,
 The pearl of price, man's chiefest good I am,

Dast

Dost wish to live a goodly train of years,
 See! in my right hand, length of days appears :
 Eternal life's my dowry, me receive,
 And to eternal ages thou shalt live.
 Would'st high exalted sit, in honor's chair?
 And in abundant riches wish to share?
 In my left hand unceasing riches flow,
 Honors superior to ought known below.
 Dost pleasure love, would'st have thy joys increase?
 My ways are pleasant, and my paths are peace.
 From creature joys, no lasting bliss can flow,
 For creatures fade, and into darkness go.
 I'll lead thy feet to God, in him is found
 Pleasures all pure, with long duration crown'd ;
 Eternal as their mighty author's name,
 Who was, and is, and still shall be the same.

When thou shalt see thy Father's smiling face,
 And prove the boundless wonders of his Grace ;
 When in thy raptur'd heart a Saviour's love,
 Shed sweetly there by the celestial dove ;
 How wilt thou fall astonish'd, bow, and own,
 Till then thou real pleasure hast not known?
 O! then be wise, attend unto my voice,
 Approve my counsel, make me all thy choice :
 Then like a mighty stream thy peace shall flow,
 And still increasing while thou dwell'st below.
 And when thy glass is run, and Death appears,
 I'll smooth the tyrant's face, and hush thy fears ;
 And thou shalt sweetly lay thee down to rest,
 Not die, but fall asleep on Jesus' breast!
 Till the great trumpet sounds, then wak'd, arise!
 Joyful to meet thy Saviour in the skies!

D

Receive

Receive a radiant crown, and fully prove,
The heights and depths of his redeeming love.

A I R.

Joy and wonder overflowing,
Love and peace their streams unite;
Still increasing, ever growing,
To a sea of pure delight:
Trees of life with verdure blooming,
O'er the banks their shadow spread;
Spicy sweets the air perfuming,
From the blossoms hourly shed.

II.

Happy saints here swim in pleasure,
Holy pleasures all divine;
Quaff of bliss unbounded measure,
And in sacred anthems join.
Low before the Saviour falling,
They adore his majesty;
Matchless grace and love extolling,
Through a vast eternity.

H E N R Y.

So great a prize, such everlasting gain,
How can a mortal this vast bliss attain?
Deign to inform my mind, thou heav'nly fair,
That I in this felicity may share.

R E L I G I O N.

If thou, O youth! this pearl of price wou'd gain,
And this supreme felicity attain;
Exalted high upon a throne of grace,
Immanuel reigns, and in his awful face,

Sweet

Sweet love and mercy shine, in beams so bright,
 That earth and heaven live upon the sight;
 Lift up thine eyes to his all-glorious seat,
 Come, fall a willing vot'ry at his feet.
 He'll ope his lib'ral hand, and large bestow,
 Of all can make thee truly blest below.
 Upon thy head a crown of life he'll place,
 Bright beaming glory, rich abundant Grace,
 Free as the air you breathe; O! seek and find,
 Jesus, to seeking souls, is ever kind.
 But gentle youth, would'st thou this crown receive,
 Thou must thyself a willing off'ring give
 To the great King of saints; he asks thine heart,
 That he may to it heav'nly peace impart;
 The whole, without reserve: he will not share
 With rivals: he must reign unrivall'd there.
 Renounce thyself, thy strength, thy wisdom flee,
 Sit at his feet, and find him made to thee,
 Strength, wisdom, righteousness divine, yea all,
 More than thou lost by thy first father's fall.
 Renounce thy SYREN too, O youth! and part
 With that lov'd fatal charmer of thine heart;
 Thou must forsake her company, and flee
 Her false allurements with alacrity;
 Must watch against her wiles, her joys detest,
 And drive the fatal forc'refs from thy breast.
 Take up the cross and struggle, strive and pray,
 And follow Jesus in the narrow way.
 Yet start not, HENRY! tho' the task is hard,
 O let thine eyes attend the great reward,
 The glorious prize, the heav'nly crown in view:
 O linger not, but hasten to pursue;
 And thou wilt find, when thou art taught aright,
 His yoke is easy, and his burthen light:

He'll pow'r impart, thy strength he will renew,
There's all-sufficient Grace to bring thee thro'.

H E N R Y.

It shall be so; thy voice I will obey;
My sprightly youth will languish and decay;
And when revolving years have made me wise,
And taught me how thy sage advice to prize,
I shall grow tir'd of this gay life I lead,
And then I'll watch and pray, and hear, and read;
Far from the noisy haunts of men retire,
And after God and Godliness aspire.
I'll seek some lone retreat, some moss-grown cell,
Where Solitude and Meditation dwell;
There wholly give myself to God and thee,
And end my days in strictest piety.

R E L I G I O N.

Think not, O youth! that I to cells retire,
And seek to kindle there devotion's fire,
Recluse from mortal view my beauties hide,
And but with gloomy devotees abide.
No! thou may'st still in social life remain,
For that created, yet true bliss obtain.
But shall thy youth, thy prime of life be spent,
In vain pursuits, to sin and folly lent?
And but the dregs to God and me be giv'n,
And thy last hours be all thou'lt spare for heav'n?
Ungen'rous thought, how foolish and unwise,
Thus to affront the Sov'reign of the skies.
When feeble age unnerves thy ev'ry pow'r,
And pain invades thy limbs each ling'ring hour;
When dim thine eyes, thy tott'ring feet refuse
Their usual office, trembling fear ensues,

And

And thro' thy universal frame, disease
 Proclaim the monster Death about to seize,
 And into ruins shake thy falling clay,
 To sleep in dust, till the great rising day.
 And thou no more can'st taste the sweets of sin;
 O wilt thou then to think of God begin?
 And bring thy crazy self to his abode,
 As a fit off'ring for the glorious God?
 I limit not his Grace, 'tis all divine,
 But can'st thou justly hope this Grace for thine?
 Hear what he says, when rob'd in radiant light,
 He comes his injured Majesty to right.
 With grac'ous voice I call'd, you would not hear;
 My threats alarm'd, but you refus'd to fear.
 Now when your terrors rise, I'll scorn your woe,
 Ye curst, into endless burnings go!
 Haste then, dear youth! his mercies now are great,
 Let sweet repentance lead thee to his feet:
 Be wise in time, O seek his blest'd abode,
 And dedicate thy happy youth to God.

H E N R Y.

I'll think upon thy words, no longer stay,
 But call to-morrow, or some future day.

R E L I G I O N.

O seize the present NOW, be wise to-day,
 In Death's cold arms thou may'st to-morrow lay:
 Where is to-morrow? Far beyond the skies,
 O catch the present moment ere it flies.

A I R.

Youth and health, and life decay,
 Fleeting as a summer's day;

Wisdom's

Wisdom's sweet instructions hear,
Ere the shades of night appear.

II.

See Immanuel grac'ous stands,
Peace and pardon in his hands;
Seek his face, enjoy his love,
Everlasting blessings prove.

From his high throne, Immanuel, King of kings,
Saw and approv'd his servant's pious zeal,
However fruitless; and his bosom glow'd
With love immense, compassion all divine,
To'ards the ungrateful wand'rer, tho' his ear,
Deaf as the adder to the charmer's voice,
Shut out consideration from his heart,
And gave him all to folly; for in vain
RELIGION pleaded, SYREN kept his heart.
Fast lock'd and barr'd, that no admission there
Her precepts pure could find, tho' heav'nly sweet,
And on her tongue sat harmony divine.
But he who once forsook his glorious throne,
And came (O wond'rous Shepherd!) to redeem
And save his silly sheep, all gone astray,
And call the wand'ers home. He calls to mind
The mighty price then paid; he casts a look
Of heav'nly pity on th' unthinking youth:
Nor will he loose the purchase of his blood,
Which cost him groans and agony so dear;
Nor shall a false alluring world o'ercome
His mighty love and gen'rous purposes,
From his right hand, where high in place he stood,
He calls his darling GRACE; and go, he says,

Thou

Thou shalt prevail, with my omnipotence
 I gird thee. Go! and prosper in thy work,
 Thy mighty work! Go, new create his soul,
 Turn him from darkness to the light of life:
 Snatch him, a burning brand from out the fire,
 And bring him to my feet. High in his heart
 Reign thou, and with thy pow'rful influence
 Inform his judgment, rectify his will:
 Charm his affections with supernal love,
 And keep him ever thine, and ever blest.

G R A C E.

Lo! at thy grac'ous word I go,
 Glad to perform thy will below;
 I'll chace the mists that cloud his sight,
 And fill his soul with heav'nly light:
 I'll make his deaf'ned ear attend,
 His stubborn will I'll sweetly bend:
 I'll melt the hardness of his heart,
 And bid the mountains all depart:
 I'll break his bands and set him free,
 And bring the rebel home to thee;
 With sweet contrition at thy feet to lay,
 Till thou shall kindly speak his fears away,
 And seal him for thine own; then heav'n shall ring
 With loud hosannahs to the heav'nly King.

Down from the skies all potent Grace descends,
 With speed more swift than from the radiant sun;
 Darts all prolific rays, or the wing'd flash
 Of vivid light'ning hastens thro' the air,
 Nor stays till in young HENRY's favour'd breast,
 By pow'r mysterious, (leave unask'd of him)
 She lights and rests a guest indeed divine:

Nor

Nor sits she there an idle visitant,
 But soon her work begins, her glorious work,
 To form his rebel heart anew for God.
 Into his eyes, she all unseen, distills
 From the fair fount of life some sacred drops,
 Which far dispels the mists, and clears his sight,
 That objects, late unseen, appear in view;
 And truth, all powerful, breaks upon his mind,
 With force resistless, pathos all divine.
 His ears, obedient to her touch, fly ope,
 And list attentive to Instruction's voice;
 And from his heart, with strength omnipotent,
 She rolls the stone, dissolves the adamant,
 And sows the heav'nly seed, which soon shall spring,
 And rise, and grow to a fair spreading tree,
 Yielding delicious fruit from every bough.
 Lo! now he feels sensations rise within,
 Sensations new and strange, unfelt before;
 He feels himself IMMORTAL, pants for joys,
 Suited to one in being rank'd so high:
 Joys which can make immortal being blest'd.
 Earth disappoints his wish, he lifts his eyes,
 Seeks it no longer there, but, all inflam'd
 With warm desire, pursues supernal bliss.
 SYREN no more can charm; her pleasing form
 No more conceal her falshood from his view;
 Her voice attracts no more, the snare is broke,
 And, lo! he runs, he flies from her embrace,
 As from the op'ning jaws of fearful woe.
 Her ways he hates, delusive as they are,
 And with fix'd eye, and longing heart, beholds
 The charms sublime which shine in holiness,
 And pants to find them planted in his breast,
 That there substantial happiness may reign.

He

He stands astonish'd that his foolish heart,
 So long beguil'd by Sin's delusive voice,
 Should dream of happiness from ought that springs
 From her rank soil, or grows below the stars.
 Grace leads his mind in solemn thought, to dwell
 On murder'd time, lost opportunity,
 The sin and folly of his squander'd youth ;
 'Till from his bosom deep-fetched sighs burst forth,
 Expressive of the pungent grief within.
 Grace lays him low in sweet humility ;
 And can there be (with mournful voice, he cries)
 A wretch so lost, a wretch so vile as I !
 But lest his feet in sad despair should sink,
 Grace to his view presents a pardoning God ;
 A bleeding Jesus, full of heav'nly love,
 And sweet compassion beaming in his eyes,
 Upon a throne of love, and to his feet,
 Grace brings him as an humble suppliant,
 Imploring mercy, while contrition sweet
 Dissolves his heart, and penitential tears
 Flow down his cheeks, and wrestle hard with God.
 For, lo ! he prayeth, and, with kind regard,
 His Father heard his pray'r, and saw his grief ;
 And hastens with complacence infinite,
 To seal his pardon, to bestow his peace,
 And welcome the returning prodigal
 To all the blessings heav'n can bestow
 In time ; and then when time shall be no more,
 But vast eternity for ever reign.

Thus all victorious Grace her triumph spread.
 But see ! in SYREN's breast fell rage arise,
 From disappointment sprung, her empire fall'n,
 Her rites neglected, and herself abhorr'd,

By him so late with her curs'd fetters bound ;
 The all-devoted vassal of her will.
 This pains her haughty heart, and in her cheeks,
 Shame and malicious indignation glow ;
 But practis'd deep in fraudulent mysteries,
 She smooths her frowning brow, conceals her rage,
 In pleasing smiles of deep hypocrisy,
 And flies with haste to seek the happy youth :
 If haply with her soft delusive tongue,
 She may again attract his ear, again
 Delude his heart, and lead him still astray.
 She fought not long, for in the flow'ry mead
 HENRY walk'd forth to taste the balmy sweets
 Of the cool ev'ning's mild refreshing air ;
 And like the Patriarch of old, to spend
 In meditation sweet, the silent hours,
 Recluse, in holy converse with his God ;
 Soon she espied him, and with aspect fair,
 And flatt'ring words, she thus address'd his ear,

S Y R E N.

Thou darling of my heart, with longing eye.
 I've sought thee long ; and when I saw thee nigh,
 Tumultuous joys arose within my breast,
 Joys too extatic far to be express'd :
 Thy absence fill'd my mind with anxious care,
 Nor can I, HENRY, thy least absence bear.
 Ah ! why hast thou unkindly made me prove,
 The pangs that ever wait on slighted love.

H E N R Y.

Avaunt, thou hateful forc'refs from my sight,
 To thine own place, the dismal shades of night.

SYREN

S Y R E N.

Ah! can thy lips such cruel words declare,
 Thy lips which oft' to me did homage swear?
 And can thy heart inconstant prove, and be
 False to thy solemn vows, and false to me?
 Why have thy feet forsaken my abode?
 Have my commands, all pleasant, proved a load?
 Did I e'er chide? Did not my hands bestow
 All thy unbounded wish could grasp below?
 I led thy feet in chearful dances round,
 With rosy chaplets I thy temples crown'd:
 I fill thy table spread with viands rare,
 And daily fed thee with delicious fare.
 My gifts I suited to thy ev'ry pow'r,
 And multiplied thy pleasures ev'ry hour:
 And wilt thou, can'st thou, thus ungrateful prove!
 Ah! HENRY! do not thus repay my love.

H E N R Y.

How could my heart so vain and foolish be,
 Ere to be cheated and beguil'd by thee;
 True, I was late thy slave in bondage held,
 And 'gainst the King of heav'n I rebell'd;
 Lur'd by thy voice I wander'd far astray,
 In devious paths, far from the peaceful way
 Of life and happiness. O wond'rous Grace!
 That heav'n should e'er compassionate my case,
 And bring a wand'rer back by pow'r divine.
 No longer then, O SYREN! am I thine;
 Lo! I renounce thy love, thy charms detest,
 And drive thee, fell deceiver from my breast.
 I yield myself to him whose boundless love,
 Snatch'd me from ruin, to be bless'd above;

His air I breath, 'tis by his pow'r I live,
 'Tis just that I myself to him should give :
 He paid a mighty sum, to set me free
 From thy sad chains, yea, gave himself for me,
 Now by his love o'ercome, I lowly bow,
 And with fix'd heart to him allegiance vow.
 Thy joys are false, thy pleasures all impure,
 But Jesus' holy peace shall still endure ;
 When time decays, no end his pleasures know,
 But ever rise and ever overflow,
 Then plead no more, my happy choice is this,
 A crown of glory and eternal bliss.

A I R.

Hence! flatt'ring world, I bid adieu
 To all thy splendid toys ;
 A nobler prize I must pursue,
 And seek sublimer joys.

II.

Up to the place where Jesus reigns,
 I raise my wishes high ;
 My soul sublunar bliss disdains,
 And grasps eternity.

S Y R E N.

Since all in vain I plead, I'll plead no more,
 But on thy head my mighty vengeance pour ;
 Dream not of bliss, I'll spoil thy pleasing views,
 Since all my kindest offers you refuse.
 My smiles reject, I'll with an awful frown,
 Bring all your high-raised expectations down ;
 Not joy, but sad anxiety and woe,
 Shall I still attend thee, while thou dwell'st below :

I'll summon all my pow'rs, and thou shalt see,
 They're strong, to execute what I decree.
 Reproach, with all her tongues shall blot thy name,
 And spread calumnious falsehoods o'er thy fame;
 Contempt and scorn twin sisters shall agree,
 Where e'er thou goest, to meet thy infamy.
 Penurious want shall stare thee in the face,
 And to the utmost try thy boasted grace;
 For to foul rapine, I'll thy substance give,
 And thou despis'd in indigence shall live,
 And spend thy mournful days in sad distress,
 Stranger to joy, stranger to happiness.
 When for repose thou suest the shades of night,
 Visions terrific shall thee sore affright :
 In dreams I'll scare thee, still attend thy bed,
 And pour my utmost vengeance on thy head.
 I'll call my blood-hounds, they shall run thee down,
 And thou shalt feel the weight of SYREN's frown :
 They hate thy King and thee : say, at a stake,
 Can'st thou in flames expire for Jesus' sake ?

H E N R Y.

Think not thy feeble threats my soul alarms;
 No ! I securely rest in Jesus' arms :
 He reigns above, exalted King of kings,
 And I beneath the shadow of his wings
 Shall dwell secure : thou can'st not work me woe ;
 My blessings from the Rock of ages flow.
 As to the Sea, his awful mandate came,
 Old Ocean heard, and still obeys the same.
 So, by his pow'r, thy malice he'll restrain,
 And thou shalt boast, and threat, and rage in vain.
 But say he should permit thy pow'r to try,
 And so prepare me for a seat on high ;

To his high will submit I'll bear his cross,
 And count my earthly all but dung and dross ;
 Low at his feet I lay it, and resign
 To Wisdom infinite, and love divine ;
 My feeble mind he will with strength endue,
 There's all-sufficient Grace to bring me thro' ;
 Nor fire, nor water, earth nor hell, shall part
 His love from me, so faithful is his heart.
 I'll trust him then, and let what will betide,
 He will deliver, since for me he died.

So spake the youth, and at his gracious choice,
 Heav'n smil'd propitious. SYREN, all enrag'd
 And big with malice, further speech disdain'd,
 And hasted to revolve her dire intents ;
 And leagu'd with hell, her dark designs contrive ;
 While HENRY, fill'd with holy confidence,
 Commits his all to his Redeemer's hands ;
 And on he goes, rejoicing in his God.
 With God his shield, he fears not hosts of foes :
 With God his anchor, rides the storm secure.
 Peace flows within his breast, and Grace divine,
 Sways there her pow'ful sceptre, guides him right,
 While in the wilderness he journies on,
 To that good land, the promis'd happy shore,
 Where Jesus and his saints for ever reign.

THE END.





